

HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909.

DESCENT MADE INTO THE PIT OF HALEMAUMAU

Extraordinary
Daring Feat At
Kilauea Volcano

VOLCANO HOUSE, Sept. 19, 1909.

We the undersigned do certify that L. M. Hale and J. Reynolds did on this day descend into the crater of Halemaumau and did cross the flow over half way to the molten lava.

Signed by Eye Witnesses,

ERNEST MOSES,
M. L. HORACE REYNOLDS,
MAKAWEO MAKUE,
ADAM LINDSAY,
WM. P. BROWNING.

"I'll go down if anybody else will."

"I'm ready to go."

The first remark was made by M. L. Horace Reynolds, a Britisher from old London town, and the reply came from E. Marsh Hale, a San Francisco boy, both of whom are working in Hilo for Fred Harrison at the Hilo Hotel.

The time was a little after 10 o'clock on the night of Saturday, September 18, and the place was the brink of the crater of Halemaumau. With them was Reynolds J. Burnett, another Britisher from Gravesend. All of them are photographic artists.

In the darkness of the night with no other light than the flitful glare that was afforded by the volcanic fires of Halemaumau, coming from the depths of nobody knows where, these three young men took their lives in their hands and began the Descensus Avernii, down a depth of nearly two hundred feet, sliding, crawling and scrambling over a practically precipitous cliff composed of loose rocks and stones with nothing beneath them but everlasting fire.

On the Saturday night they descended over half way down the cliff to a level point where photographer Ernest Moses took his views of the party on the next day. It was a perilous attempt, the climbers being practically suspended in mid-air, clinging on to rocks with their fingers in the crevices, compelled at times to swing from side to side of the boulders to escape the fumes of sulphur that almost choked them, and which added to the danger and the risk they had undertaken. Two Japanese boys from the hotel stood on the brink that Saturday night stricken with awe and speechless. Afraid to move, they say, lest any noise that they might make might frighten those who were hanging between Heaven and Hell.

There the two men stood, their figures at one time almost in the dark, at another lighted from the fires below. They were on the solid crust of lava which they judged to be 100 feet from the liquid fire, which splashed at times from 10 to 20 feet above the level of the lake in its endless motion impelled by unknown and hidden power.

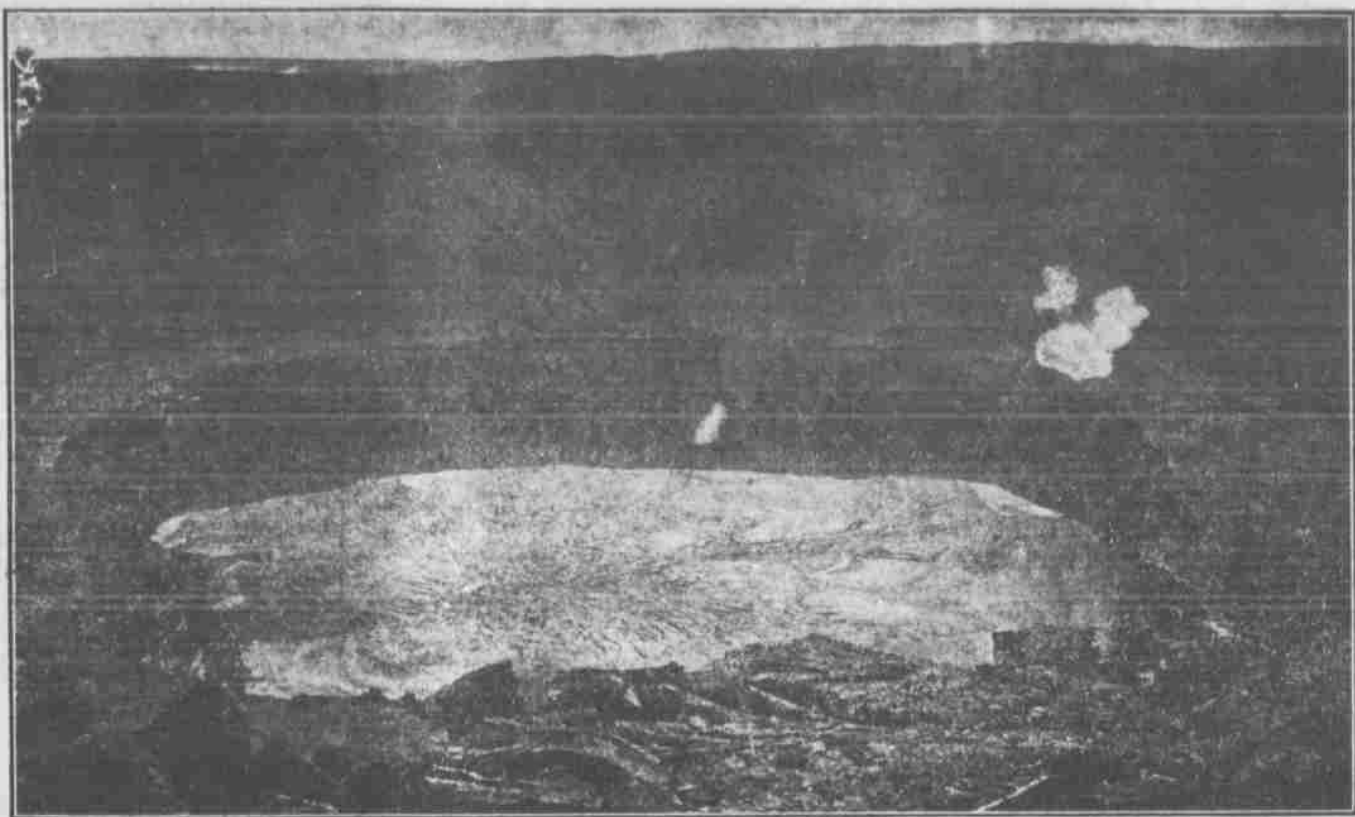
Upon their return to the Volcano House after midnight the story of Reynolds and Hale was at first scarcely credited, but when they showed their scorched eyes, their bruised limbs and places where the skin had been scraped from their arms and legs, and they had been substantiated by the two witnesses, there was none longer left to doubt.

On the Sunday morning there were four who made the venturesome descent. They were Hale and Reynolds who had gone down the night before, Ernest Moses the photographer, a German, who was anxious to secure what no other artist had ever done, pictures of the infernal lake showing the massive cliffs that surrounded it, and a Hawaiian boy Makaweo Maku who is driver for the Fire Department at the Central Station at Honolulu.

Having made one attempt Reynolds and Hale took upon themselves to pack the photographic apparatus of Moses and down they went. The heat seemed worse than the night before but was not so bad as the sulphur with its suffocating fumes, which almost choked them to death. Fortunately it was found that there were varied air currents and, when almost exhausted by the sulphur, a draft of fresh air enabled them to again inhale pure oxygen.

Down, down they went. Every rock seemed loose. Every stone ready to slip from their grasping fingers. At one time Hale, who was ahead, slipped a distance of 20 feet badly skinning an arm and a leg. Reynolds was behind him and for a moment it seemed a question whether the two men were not doing down to eternity. Finally they reached a spot of 30 feet above the molten lava where there was room for photographer Moses to fix his camera, the Hawaiian boy remaining with him and not daring to venture further.

Thirty feet lower were Hale and Reynolds till they stood on the black lava only ten feet below the level of the liquid lake of fire. There they gradually and slowly moved about, trying with the heels of their boots, as they moved along, to find a spot that was not so soft as the rest and on which they might venture to stand. The floor of the pit,



THE LAKE AT THE BOTTOM OF HALEMAUMAU.

that is the blackened portion of it, is of the same formation as in Kilauea, in rolls and ridges, none of it hard, only some less soft than the other.

Watching them from the top of the crater by the rest house were Mr. Adam Lindsay of Hilo and Dr. Wm. P. Browning. Though Mr. Lindsay had been to the volcano many times before, this was the first chance he had to see the pit in action.

For fully half an hour Hale and Reynolds remained on the heated lava, moving slowly here and there, returning to the top at 5 p. m., with Moses and Maku, after an absence of two hours.

Mr. Lindsay remained at the rest house after the four climbers had started back for the Volcano House and, within thirty minutes from the time they left, the very spot where Hale and Reynolds had stood within fifty feet of the lake had been completely covered by its fire.

That it was a risky and venturesome undertaking they all agree, but that the results were satisfactory they are all most positively positive. The risk and danger came from the loose rock over which they had to crawl. They had no time to think of anything when going down to the fire, but thoughts and thoughts came into their minds as they were clambering upwards.

Photographer Moses wanted to get photographs of the volcano from below as well as from above. He was anxious to get a fairer idea of the extent of the lava bed and felt that it was worth the risk to make the attempt to do so. Moses has certainly succeeded. He has one panorama composed of three pictures, showing the precipitous cliffs in the background, with the lake of fire in the center surrounded by the blackened lava. These, with many others of his collection, for he has 28 good plates in all, have been copyrighted.

Several of the photographs show Hale and Reynolds stepping across the black lava, apparently on a level with the lake, though really just below it as the black lava sloped downward from the fire. On two of the photographs can be seen Mr. Adam Lindsay and Dr. Browning standing away up on the top of the cliff near the rest house, mere tiny specks.

Moses is satisfied with the results he obtained and glad that he took the risk he did. As for the Hawaiian boy Maku he says he is satisfied, while Hale and Reynolds will be willing to make another descent at any time although they feel that it is now up to others to excel their exploits, to risk their lives, to burn their shoes, to scratch their bodies, and to scorch their faces and eyes before they should be called upon for a repetition of so venturesome a feat of cliff climbing between the heavens above and hell beneath.—Hawaii Herald.



"LET'S ELOPE."

PARADISE PARAGRAPHS

BY WILL SABIN.

Peary also ran!

Last night it rained meteors. The few who joshed The Star's exclusive story of the Wiakiki meteor last week can now go take a running jump at themselves.

Adam bit an apple;

Caesar bit the dust;

Shakespeare, both in life and death,

Looked well on a bust.

Washington ne'er told a lie,

(He had such self-control);

But it took a man from Brooklyn

To go out and find The Pole.

Nor am I boosting Brooklyn

For glory, nor for pelf,

I'm a Brooklyn man myself.

Now that the North Pole is discovered, its greatest value will probably be for advertising purposes. Henceforth we are likely to see such advice as the following in the advertising pages of the magazines:

"Polar Pills for Peary People!"

"Try our North Pole Pantaloon!"

"Good morning, have you used our Polar Foam?"

"Don't forget to cut out coupons

"For our Polar-Plated Spoons!"

"Have you got a little North Pole in your Home?"

ALOHA, WALTER G. SMITH!

Ten years on the 'Tiser,
(Three thousand working days!)
Gee, but what a lot of ink
Used in different ways!
Squid and quip, and paragraph,
Boost, and small-farm boom!
Now here's a toast to the doughty host
Of the editorial room:
May the city over the ocean,
Whither you wend your way,
Be never less dull and ever as full
As the days of Hawaii Nei!
May the pen that you pushed in Hawaii
Be as firm in the Golden State,
And your 'sling of good Queen's English
Be never a word less great!

The air of late has been full of proposed catch-phrases for Hawaii. Here are a few caught on the fly:

Hail, Hawaii, Happy Land!
The Snakeless Eden.
God's Garden.
Halcyon Hawaii.
Holy Hawaii.
Half of Heaven.
Hawaii the Home of the Hammer.
How I Hanker for Hawaii.
Hawaii, Almost Human.
Hang Your Harp in Hawaii.
Hang Your Hat in Honolulu.
Hang Your Hammock in Hawaii.
Hawaii be Hanged.
Heal Your Heart in Hawaii.
Heave, Ho, for Hawaii!
Hawaii, by Heck!